

Last Words

by Zaqhirix Cheshire

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Summary: Tucker needs to tell Sam one last thing before he expects to die. (ghostanimal challenge)

Last Words

So I was scrolling through ghostanimal challenges and came across a challenge of a guy saying "If we're going to die...I need to tell you something...I like Taylor Swift."

>So this ficlet happened ^^ (I feel horrid for writing such a small piece of writing I should die in a hole)

>This is during TUE and happens right after Dan sees Sam and Tuck again and Danny and Dan go at it blah blah blah running and guts and more running and punches blah.

>Enjoy!

>-Cheshire

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><p>"Run, Tucker!"<p>

The sound of ectoblasts being shot back and forth echoed throughout the dead city. Sam snatched the techno geek's arm and yanked him behind a brick wall. A shudder ramped through the ground as the two phantoms swirled in fighting tandem. "I can't believe Danny-I mean, evil psycho warlord Danny-froze us like that! You think Danny-um, good BFF ghost-hunting Danny-can do that too?" Tucker asked shakily, clutching onto his PDA tightly.

"Don't know, and frankly don't care at the moment," Sam hissed. "Can you see Danny?"

"Good BFF ghost-hunting Danny or evil psycho warlord Danny?"

"You know what I mean!"

"Well, obviously I don't since I'm asking! Now, Dani the cousin-slash-clone, good BFF ghost-hunting Danny, evil psycho Danny, or-"

"For God's sake, Foley. WE MIGHT DIE." She peered over the side of the wall. Another quake made them both squirrel close to each other.

A neon green blast hit the side of the deteriorating FentonWorks and the looming building groaned.

"Sam," Tucker squeaked, "If we're going to die...I need to tell you something."

Sam's wide amethyst eyes didn't look away from FentonWorks, but she nodded slowly.

"I like Taylor Swift."

The goth whipped her head around. "Wha-LOOK OUT!"

She ripped the timegear pendants off of their necks and they snapped out of reality.

* * *

><p>God I wish this could've been like Maternally Problematic. Or had beta read it (._. ')

End
file.